

An Elegy on the death of Denzil L^d Holles,

Who departed this Life the 10th day of Feb. 1642.

IS HOLLES Dead! the Protestants best Friend,
Whose Zeal and Care for England had no end;
Who in these times of Jealousie and Fear,
Did shine so bright, transparent, and so clear?
Were it not Sin and Hell to do the Deed,
Methinks I could dispatch my self, and bleed
Thy Sacrifice. Bless'd man! Oh how my heart
Beats to get out and follow thee! One Dart,
The weakest in Death's Quiver, now would be
Enough to let my Soul out after thee.
Lament his Death (Oh) all true Protestants,
And pray to God for to supply our Wants
With more such Loyal and Deserving Lords;
For such as he, our Land but few affords.
But why (alas) should we lament in vain?
Our loss of him on Earth, proves his great gain.
His well-spent Life's rewarded with a Crown
Of Fame immortal, and with great Renown.
Death was our Enemy, to him a Friend.
Long had he liv'd, yet faithful to the End.
Our Chronicles take notice of his Fame,
And crown with Praises his Immortal Name;
Who always Loyal was to a Just Cause;
And still upheld both God and Kingdoms Laws,
With all the Priviledge of Parliament;
Which was aparent by those Books he sent
Into the world: For he both rightly knew
What should be done, and what himself should do.
It's true indeed, at's house he lay in State,
But how? (for him) after too mean a rate;
Too mean a rate, I say, for such a One,
Who truly was in State, when we saw none;
Stately in Life, and stately after Death:
His best State came, now he's depriv'd of Breath.
The Best, when dead, their Love no more impart,
But their departure reaches each mans heart;
The Bad, when dead, lamented is by none
But thus; *Why such a man is dead and gone.*
Vivit post funera virtus, still will be
The good mans Motto, and his Elegie;
Whose Name on Earth we'll never cease to praise,
But to his Honour ever Victims raise.

Then for great Holles, let this word be given;
He liv'd and died well, now reigns in Heaven.